

202. [THE *SOUL* OF MAN.] *NOSC&*
TZIESUM ! [^5*

And thouj my Soul! which turn'st thy
curious eye;, , To view the beams of
thine o\vn form divine! Know, that thou
canst know nothing perfectly, While thou
are *clouded* with.,this fleskaf mine! ^ _

Take heed of *overweening I* and compare
Thy peacock's feet, with thy gay
peacock's train! Study the *best* and
highest things that are; But of thyself,
an humble thought retain!

Cast down thyself ! and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred name!
Use all thy powers, that Blessed Power
to praise I Which gives thee power to
Be, and Use the same*

FINISH

